

The Dales.

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The Dales are the beauty of western Yorkshire,
are its great beauty; nowhere ^{in England} are there lonelier
valleys. ~~As we have seen, the Dales are the~~ upper valley of the rivers, which join the Aire,
these cut out channels for themselves
through the soft limestones of the moors. At
first ^{there are} narrow, rocky glens, shut in by high
cliffs, fringed to the tops with bracken, bramble,
bush & alder. And at the bottom ^{is} a sparkling
noisy stream with many a whirl & eddy in
its course; & often in its marshy gold
fringing its margin & green grass, soft as
velvet, carpeting the narrow ^{bottom} valley.

By and by, the rocky walls spread out, & the
valley widens, the glen becomes a dale
which holds many a village & homestead
nestling amongst trees on its green bosom.
Further & further back falls the rocky wall,
or they disappear altogether: the moorland
beck has become a quiet river, flowing soft
& slow through a wide valley, rich with cornfield
& ^{meadow} ~~pasture~~ ^{bottom} & green pastures; dark here & there
with the smoke of busy towns. And at last the
river carries its waters to the Aire, dark & dirty
& dark if it has toiled through the manufacturing
towns; but bright & clear enough still, if it has
not been a ~~hardworking~~ ^{bottom} river, compelled to do
dirty work.

Many a story belongs to the dales; much of the
history of England is written here in the ruins
of castle & abbey. ^{and} There, in the dales, you find
many an artist, with his canvas & brushes, under a
shift umbrella; for the ~~dales~~ know very well that nowhere
else in England will ~~you~~ ^{they} find more lovely scenes.

Avio. dale

of Airedale & the valley of the Calder we shall have a good deal to say further on. For these two dales, lovely as any in the West Riding, have become the seat of the great manufacturers of Yorkshire, that of woollens. In no part of England do the manufacturing towns lie more thickly than in these valleys. Within ~~about~~ miles of Bradford, it is said that a million of people are gathered in the thickly clustered ^{town} hamlets; - so dense a population as not to be met with elsewhere in England, excepting in London & about Manchester.

A Saturday excursion to Bell Buck
is sure to be crowded. Let us take tickets ^{train} & go.
The carriage are so tightly packed that we can hardly
stir, but that does not matter; nobody is cross ^{about}.

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about it; everybody is civil & kind, & good tempered
jokes make the time pass quickly. Slow & a bit
is.

At last we reach Bell Rusk. What a pleasure it is
to breathe the fresh, keen air! Not a mill churning
is in sight anywhere; not a taint of smoke from the
grass & the leaves. We have come with faster than
the mothers who have little children to drag along,
so on we go through a long green country lane
till we reach the village of Malham. We know now
that we are near that we have come to see two of
the grandest sights in Yorkshire. Indeed, people
who have travelled ^{have only just seen} all the world over say that
~~they never~~ ^{never} ~~find~~ ^{find} finer rock-scenery than that
of Malham Cove & Gordale Scar.

We follow a stream whose sparkling waters are
strange to us; we think it is some mountain
brook of which we have never heard; but at this
bright little stream is the very same Aire
whose dark discoloured waters we left behind at
Leeds.

And now, a sudden turn brings us in front of
the Cove: a mighty face of rock, a half circle rises
before us, straight & smooth as a wall, rising
up steep, for a height of nearly 300 feet. We are
nursed to semi-circle, & think as we look up -
"Suppose it were really a giants hall of the giants
& that it shut us in all round, & there were no
way of getting out but by to climbing to the top!"
We try how it would be to cry for help, & the echo
repeats our cry; we sing, & the echo takes up the chorus.
Bushes have taken root here & there on the face of the
Cove, & the floor is grass grown, with scattered ~~rocks~~ stones
gathered as the great cliff, we feel as if we were shut
in there for our lives & could never in a quiet cool prison
Presently, we notice a low arch at the foot of the

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Could we creep through? No, for a ~~wide~~ ^{wide} full stream
is running from this hole in the rock. It is no
other than the Aire, which we have tramped these far
towards his birth-place. Do not imagine that this
is the beginning of the river; it has worked its
way down through the rock from Malham Tarn,
a small lake on the moor above the Cove. And
before ever it reached Malham ^{the} ~~we have~~ ^{we have}
~~seen~~ ^{seen} that it gathered its waters on the ~~wide~~ ^{wide} ~~lower~~ ^{lower}
~~called Gordale Scar.~~
And now we ~~must~~ ^{go on to} see Gordale Scar. We walk on
way through a ravine where the bare rocks nearly
meet on each side & pass, & what a scene of wonder
we are we in! There can be no doubt about it, the
giants have been here & have built themselves
these monstrous castles, castles that a hundred
children standing on each other's shoulders
would hardly reach to the top, & vast & big as they
are high. Here we have the outside, the ^{first} round tower,
stone overhanging turrets & outer courts of the
castle, not, as at Malham Cove, the inside side.
These "monstrous rocks" take our breath away.
They are so like the building stones in form, & yet
are so huge & grand that ~~the largest~~ ^{Wingfor} castle
would look puny by their side.

A stream has bored a curious round hole in
itself through the rock at the upper end of the
ravine, & down it comes, a pretty little waterfall
& it works its way out amongst the rocks till it
escapes from the ravine into the sunshiny beyond
the rocks.

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Wharfe dale.

Opposite these pair sister-valleys which form the Donney,
of Craven, - the ^{upper} valley of the Aire, the Ribble & the Wharfe.
Wharfedale is by far the loneliest. It is the most
secluded too, for the railway brings passengers
only as far as Ilkley, and you may walk
the highways for half a day in the upper valley
without meeting a second person, anybody.

John sure the anglers come here, & lodge
in the ~~old~~ ^{new} village ~~in~~ ^{near} to the Wharfe in ~~some~~ ^{the} ~~upper~~ ^{middle} stream, up to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~bottom~~ ^{middle} of its trout ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~water~~ ^{water} ~~bottom~~ ^{middle}. Help still you may see
splash after splash in the cool, clear brown
water, made by the leaping trout.

Clear, bright & bounding is the hasty Wharfe. In
few are no ~~large~~ ^{large} mills above Ilkley. Here &
there in the rivers and on miles of white
limestone, limningly bounded with the
darkest green moss; the river comes
tumbling over the stones making a hundred
rapids & little waterfalls. There are clear shallow
pools here you may take off your shoes & stockings
swim; others are deep dark pools, with ^{red} ~~red~~ ^{little} ~~little~~ ^{crummin} berries
grown on the banks. Hazel ^{hazel} copper, here you may
~~gather~~ ^{go a walking} ~~gather~~ nests; and the flowers - wher-mosey's
you may gather to be eat!

But after heavy rains when the Wharfe is in
flood, it is a very different story: then the
river goes past with a rush & a roar, due
to the very bank overflowing into the fields.
So strong is the flood sometimes that it carries
away

No river 213p/50west

away the bridge which spans it & the buildings
which come in its way. Was ^{in its banks} ^{Wharfe} ^{the river} a house
which ^{Wharfe} of overtake sweeps along in the terrible
flood; quick as thought, he is borne past the
village folk before any help can be given!

There are pleasant pretty villages scattered
in the valley, two or three miles apart, with
many cornhouses in the village street, for the chief
business of the Craven people is to rear cattle
& sheep. Hardly a corn field will you come
upon in the upper valley, but such meadows!
 gay with many colored flowers, especially
with a big purple wild geranium - before the grass
is cut; others, of the brightest green, looking
prettier than any gentleman's lawn.

And what a time the hay-harvest is! not a
woman or a child is to be found at home,
but out in the fields you see them, toiling
the sweet hay, sloading the carts high as a house,
then, popping the laughing children on the top!

And these lovely meadows stretching away
on each side of the Wharfe, fill the valley &
climb the lower slopes of the hills. But up alone
stretches to long lines of the bar bawn fields
which stretch in Wharfe dales on both sides. The
higher up the valley ^{passes} you go, the closer draw the fields until
at last you get into the moors; & the lower you
go, the wider spreads the valley, & the further apart
are the fields. The sheep find scanty pasture
& if you climb up the top, you are on the ~~side~~ moors.

Pleasant shady trees, chiefly ash, & oak & yew,

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as scattered over the meadows; - every now & then
you come to a ^{few} wood, for, many, many years
ago, nearly the whole valley was covered with a great
forest. You may gather snowdrops ⁱⁿ the wood
in spring, & later on, lilies of the valley; & in the
thirsty summer days, bring your basket for wild
raspberries, big as those that grow in gardens.

Lower Wharfedale, below Ilkley, is still a pleasant
green valley with meadows & patches of wood; but
its play days are over; the river has towns now, &
the tall chimneys ~~with~~ ^{of} busy towns follow
on its banks; but the mills are another
crowded together into immense towns as in
Airedale. A good view of the river, up & down
may be had from the hill called the Chevin
~~overlooking~~ ^{over} the pleasant ^{little} town of Ilkley.

Part the Tales of Wharfedale.

We have been up the valley & down the valley, then
left the middle of Wharfedale until the last, because
there is something to be said about it.

First, here is Ilkley, a charming town on the
edge of Brimbold's Moor, with the river at its
feet. Here, upon the sunnier side, are immense
palace-like houses. Other rich people keep
holiday, & come to a cure of their ^{ailments} complaints
by means of cold water & the fine air of the moors.
Ken Rhydding & Ilkley wells have an
old name of these. There is a convalescent
home for poor people here, too, built by a rich
merchant - of Bradford for the poor folk of that
town. The great rocks on the edge of the moor
are called the Cow & Calf Rocks, because, seen
from ~~the~~ ^a distance, they look something like a
~~cow~~ ^{an} a calf. On the side of the Cow is an enormous
rock

marked leaving something the like a human foot.
This says the legend was made by the Grand
Rumtold when he stepped across from a group
of rocks miles away.

"There is a path by the river & is shadowed with trees",
by which you may ^{walk} from Shire to Dotted Woods
no ~~other~~ side of the Isles of Devonshire, one of the
loveliest spots in England.

Here, set amongst trees, overlooking the clear river,
are the ruins of an old Abbey Bolton Abbey, where
some fifteen Churchmen called ~~canons~~^{at one time} lived, that they might hold services every day
in their beautiful ~~old~~ church. And fully
two hundred servants belonged to the ~~Abbey~~^{Knave}
who tilled the valley, where ~~now~~ ^{now} the waving
corn stood thick in those days - herded
black cattle, watched after the sheep ~~destroyed~~^{droved}
over the fells. But King ~~Henry VIII~~^{the} ~~Abbey~~^{ruined}
all the monasteries all over the land, sending
works seasons adrift, a matter of which
we shall hear more presently. The canons
of Bolton were turned out with the rest, hence
being ⁱⁿ the property has been in the hands
of certain noble families.

the delight of the day there.
at Colton Woods which is the property of the R.
What is to be seen here? The Hall itself is not
Abbey enlarged and form a residence,
very remarkable. But most picturesque &
lovely are the 'Woods', as the place is called, though it
is not by any means covered with trees.

hitherto the Wurfe has tumbled down hill with a very straight & rapid course, but now, finding him

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self on high ground & amidst lovely scenery, to winds about, in & out, in the most curious way, so that, from the high slopes, you may sometimes behold a ^{climbing} path with lines at once. And every copy of the river winds round a lovely green meadow, fringed with trees & dotted with cattle. ~~the~~ ^{meadow} On either side of the wide green meadows, are the high pellis, not bare but covered with wood.

Now, the woods gather up close to the river's
bank, & the branches ~~do~~ of the trees dip in the
water, & now, they fall back leaving open green
lawns. Now, monstrous crags shoot up among
the trees, & ~~among~~ ^{from where you look}, the beautiful ruins of the
Abbey peer out of the greenness on the one hand,
& on the other, far away, you may see the grey
wreaths of a ruined tower nearly hidden among
the ~~swinging~~ branches with others.

There are many paths amongst the woods, fifty miles of such paths, it is said, every now & then you come to a weather-worn ^{bench} seat. You may not be tired, but, sit down, all the same. For every seat is placed so as to command some delightful view of the lovely valley.

view of the lovely valley.
Of the Abbey itself, there is a great deal to be seen
of which we have not ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{learned} enough to understand.

The walls are standing; columns & arches
the costly bricery of the windows remain; to show
as how perfect the abbey was, but the roof is off.

The green grass is the pavement; grasses & ferns
wave in the windows & are rooted in the walls.

The name of the abbey church is, however, kept in use, and is kept in ~~very~~ ^{most} admirable order as the church of the village.

Wordsworth, the "Lake poet," paid a visit ^{in 1802} to the rector of Bolton of his day; & he was so delighted with the ~~much ruined~~ ^{charming} *Abby* & *My Woods* that he wrote the delightful poem of